A Widow and no Widow.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE

OF THREE ACTS.

Harding D1379

A Widow and no Widow.

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DRAMATIC PIECE

OF THREE ACTS.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN THE HAY-MARKET,

IN THE YEAR 1779.

———————*Sunt qui*

Cruſtis & pomis Viduas venentur avaras. HOR.

WRITTEN BY

PAUL JODRELL, M. A.

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M.DCC.LXXX.

DEDICATION.

IT is no new thing in the preſent age, to dedicate a Work to NOBODY. The reaſon is plain—NOBODY reſpects an author; NOBODY gives Authors any thing; though it muſt be acknowledged that NOBODY ſometimes pays too dear for the honour. With reſpect to *me*, NOBODY has ever been my patron—I flatter NOBODY—I worſhip NOBODY: and it is my pride to declare, in theſe unſubſtantial times that I am NOBODY's ſhadow. NOBODY therefore expects it from me—NOBODY will reward me, and ſurely I deſerve it; for it will raiſe NOBODY's reputation. But this production would have died in embryo, an abortive piece of indiſcretion, had not the

Manager, who poſſeſſes Foote's theatre, cheriſhed it, and brought it up. —NOBODY therefore is under as great obligations to Mr. Colman as I am, who take this opportunity of ſhewing to the world, with what unfeigned ſincerity I have the honour of ſubſcribing myſelf,

NOBODY's moſt obliged,

moſt devoted,

moſt obedient,

humble Servant,

&c. &c. &c.

as is uſual in Dedications,

PAUL JODRELL.

PROLOGUE,

Written for the AUTHOR *by* EDW. TOPHAM, *Eſq;*

And ſpoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHEN Punch, his joints all ſtiff, was now repoſing,
And winter-managers their doors were cloſing:
Then Foote, the fav'rite of a laughing age,
Stept forth, and made his own this little ſtage.
What though his laſh made vice and folly ſmart,
(For only touch them and gall'd jades will wince)
Your darling Foote you never wou'd abandon,
And he ſtood firm, with but one leg to ſtand on.
A ſmaller bard now rules theſe realms for you,
(His legs indeed are ſhort, but he has two)
With wiſh the ſame, now here, now there he flies,
Like virtuoſo's after butter-flies,
To catch the inſect folly ere it dies;

His utmoſt hope, his joy, his only plan,
To touch the times, and pleaſe you, if he can.
Under his mirthful auſpices to-day,
A trembling Bays here make his firſt eſſay;
Who, holding your applauſe his higheſt glory,
Lays, as he hopes, ſome novel ſcenes before ye:
* "Like Foote, he aims not at correct deſign,
"But the bold ſtroke, rough ſketch, and broad
"black line.
"The weakneſs of his hand, alas! he knows,
"And oft his ſponge againſt the canvaſs
"throws;
"And thus perhaps his ſkill, however faint,
"Hits off by chance the form he cou'd not
"paint."

An Engliſh fop he draws, ye fair, for you,
Nay more—what France and Spain ally'd can't do,
He ſingly has invaded Ireland too.

The barren North affords one native more,
Who travels where ne'er Scotchman went before,
And who, his varions toils and ſtages paſt,
Stops here, in hopes this ſtage will be his laſt.

To

* The ſix following lines were added by Mr. Colman on the third night's repreſentation.

To you, whom this our ſtage has brought together,
All warm with expectation and the weather,
No great accommodation though it boaſts,
Sit with indulgence during three ſhort poſts;
No heavy tax on your good-will we lay—
And trav'lers now, you know,—by law muſt pay.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Capt. *O'Kite*,	Mr. EGAN.
Macfable,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Spurious,	Mr. USHER.
Dr. *Alfred*,	Mr. BLISSET.
Jemmy Daiſey,	Mr. Palmer, Jun.
Splaſh,	Mr. EDWIN.

Servants to Mrs. Sharp and Splaſh.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Sharp*,	Mrs. MONTAGUE.
Lucy,	Mrs. KENEDY.
Peg Pennyworth,	Mrs. LOVE.
Betty,	Miſs WOOD.
Pin,	Mrs. PALMER.
Mrs. *Splaſh*,	Mrs. POUSSIN.

SCENE, LONDON.

A Widow and no Widow.

ACT I.

Scene, an Apartment in Mrs. Sharp's Houſe.

Mrs. Sharp and Lucy, ſitting a Table.

Mrs. Sharp.

WELL, Lucy.——What do you think *now* of my playing the part of a rich widow? You, you know, never thought it would ſucceed.

Lucy. Why, to ſay the truth, Mrs. Sharp, I did not. The taking this elegant houſe, at ſuch an enormous rent, appeared to me rather raſh,—as your proſpect with reſpect to your lovers was doubtful at leaſt, and this expence was certain.

Mrs. Sharp. That is, if I meant to pay for the houſe—but be aſſured that I have no ſuch raſh intentions. Indeed the landlord and I are much

much on a par, for he aſked me four times more than it was worth; ſo I ſtruck the bargain, as I propoſe remaining ſome little time in his debt.

Lucy. I wiſh, madam, when you ſtruck that ſame bargain, you had agreed for board as well as lodging.

Mrs. Sharp. True, Lucy. I muſt own, our entertainment is not of a piece with theſe apartments.—Cow-heel with damaſk furniture, and to be lighted by a farthing-candle into a ſtate bed-chamber, are little contradictions, to be ſure, ha! ha!

Lucy. And poor O'Kite too, your pretended huſband that is to be—he is more to be pitied than either of us: for his appetite is keener, and his patience not quite ſo great. All this morning he has had nothing but his pot of porter, though a painted cieling was his canopy, and a Perſian carpet his foot-ſtool.

Mrs. Sharp. And it was ridiculous enough yeſterday, to hear him ſwear that he had no fire to light his tobacco; though there was a ſilver grate in the parlour, and in the kitchen a range that would have roaſted an ox, provided there had been coals in it.

Lucy. I believe, he is heartily ſick of his confinement, and wiſhes his part over.

Mrs. Sharp. And, if he acts it but well, it will be a benefit-night for us all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ma'am, here is one Depoſit. He ſays he is a pawn-broker, I think, ma'am. He deſires

to

to know whether you have done with the white ſattin ſacque that belongs to him.

Mrs. Sharf. Bid him call to-morrow. [*Exit Serv.*] For to-night, Lucy, I hope, all our plans will be concluded.

Lucy. I underſtand you, and *to-morrow* we and the white ſacque ſhall be packed off together.

Mrs. Sharp. Poor Depoſit! He'll not be the only perſon enquiring for to me *to-morrow*; I cannot help thinking what diverſion it will afford the neighbourhood.

Lucy. Eſpecially when they find that the rich widow has done more execution than they imagined.

Mrs. Sharp. Ay, Lucy, this perſonating *the widow* was a lucky thought; you and O'Kite may thank me for that. You know we were driven to out wits end.

Lucy. True! and I wiſh we may never come to a worſe.—But, before we praiſe, let us ſee the conſequence of this ſcheme.—You have got nothing by it as yet—your lovers have only talked of love.

Mrs. Sharp. Aye, but that is always the firſt ſtep before they come to generoſity. When once a woman has blinded a man by love, ſhe can pick his pockets at her leiſure.

Lucy. But your Scotch lover Macfable won't have his pocket picked ſo eaſily, I dare ſay; and, as to his generoſity——

Mrs. Sharp. It is greater than you imagine; to my comfort, he is ſenſible of his own failings; like a nabob at a borough, he bids in proportion

portion to his want of merit, and thinks that buying is the ſhorteſt way to ſucceſs.

Lucy. But does he ſtill entertain you with thoſe marvellous travels, and little trips from pole to pole?

Mrs. Sharp. Yes; he takes great latitudes to be ſure.

Lucy. But you don't care for that, if you can but take the longitude of his purſe.

Enter a Coachman.

Coach. Madam, when I firſt came to live with you, you ſaid I ſhould have board-wages, I've been upon my own money for a fortnight, and I ſhould be glad to ſee a ſpill of your's now.

Mrs. Sharp. Don't be troubleſome, fellow; I'm buſy———

Coachm. Then, madam, let me tell you—I'll quit your ſervice; for I never liv'd in a family on board-wages in my life. So, madam, diſcharge me.

Mrs, Sharp. Very well. Call here to-morrow.

Coachm. No, I'll be paid directly; damn it I don't underſtand—but ſtay, I may as well be civil; for one can't be rude now under *ten pounds.* [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a mercer from the back of St. Clement's. He deſires to know when his bill is to be paid.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sharp. To-morrow. [*Exit Serv.* Theſe people, Lucy, grow ſo impatient, I wiſh our buſineſs was well finiſhed.

Lucy. And ſo do I, upon my word. But was not your politician, Dr. Alfred, to have been here before this time?

Mrs. Sharp. No; he is much better employed at Jonathan's. He goes there every morning.

Lucy. And is his ſtock of affection as great as ever?

Mrs. Sharp. Oh yes; his love is much above par, I aſſure you.

Lucy. Then you think he'll make no ſcruple of paying off that forfeiture, which, he believes, prevents your union?

Mrs. Sharp. No; 'tis as good as done. He promiſed to let me have the money to-day. So, with what we ſhall get from the reſt, we ſhall go off pretty handſomely.

Lucy. And, like other great people,—reſign with a good grace, without ſtaying to be turned out.

Mrs. Sharp. Ha! ha! ha! And we ſhall carry away a ſmall penſion too, to make our retirement the more comfortable.

Lucy. But, ſuppoſe your lovers ſhould be importunate, and not retire ſo quietly?

Mrs. Sharp. Oh, our friend O'Kite there will manage that. His doſe will be tolerably effiaccious, if he only adminiſters it properly.

Lucy. Why, to be ſure, theſe practitioners from the college of Dublin are ſometimes apt to occaſion a miſcarriage.

Mrs. Sharp. But a-propos—how is my dreſs to-day?—Does it want any thing? You know Mr.

Mr. Daiſey is a connoiſſeur in that article; and were I to receive him with any impropriety, I ſhould loſe half my power.

Lucy. You are perfectly in character, I aſſure you. The *widow* is viſible in every part. But pray, am I properly equipped? Do I look the niece well this morning?

Mrs. Sharp. Nothing can be better.—I ſhou'd really think you a young innocent Miſs, juſt eſcap'd from a boarding-ſchool.

Lucy. Or, rather, as if I had never been there. [*knocks.*] But, hark! did not I hear a knock at the door?

Mrs. Sharp. Probably it may be Jemmy Daiſey.—He ſaid he wou'd be here before this time. Now ſhall I be plagued with anecdotes of his dreſs, his giving me the hiſtory of his intrigues, and making love by talking of himſelf.

Lucy. Well, I can't agree with you in the contempt you ſeem always to expreſs for the race of petit maitres. Their whole ambition is to pleaſe the ladies; and, if they do not ſucceed, they ought to meet with their pardon at leaſt.

Mrs. Sharp. Pardon! I have no patience with them. What a contraſt this Jemmy Daiſey is to my good Iriſh friend yonder captain O'Kite!—who ſays little, but always to the purpoſe, whilſt this inſignificant——

Enter Jemmy Daiſey.

Mr. Daiſey, I was juſt talking about you.

J. Daiſey. Ah! my dear Mrs. Sharp, I am charm'd to ſee you. My ſweet Miſs Lucy, I am yours; you look moſt divinely to-day.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sharp. Lucy, you may go to your apartment. [*Exit Lucy.*
You'll turn the child's head, Mr. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. Faith, Mrs. Sharp, your niece is no child—a fine plump girl; but, my deareſt widow, I am enraptur'd to ſee you, tho' I have a thouſand engagements upon my hands. Dine with lord Glimpſe! you know lord Glimpſe—has but one eye; but does great execution for all that. Sup with lady Proſerpine to-night—take an early breakfaſt with lady Pimple to-morrow morning—but—but, my dear widow—I think of nothing but you.—I am juſt come from lord Feathers--a morning repaſt at the Horn-beams.—There was the divineſt party imaginable—all people of the firſt taſte. I fixed the day, and had this morning-ſuit made up on purpoſe; how do you like it?—The lace came over in a French milliner's toupee—but nothing—nothing cou'd keep me from you, that's poz. I left them juſt beginning a quadrille, inconſolable for my abſence.

Mrs. Sharp. Really, Mr. Daiſey, I am very ſorry I ſhou'd break in upon ſo agreeable a party. Their company, I am certain, muſt have afforded you more pleaſure than mine.

J. Daiſey. Tout au contraire—I left them, to convince you of my readineſs to comply with your wiſhes. But, to ſay the truth, you wou'd have ſome reaſon to be vain, did you know the agreeableneſs of the party.—Myſelf, lord Prettyman, Sir Watkin Tallboy, the counteſs of Tiptoe, and lady Grace Giggle—quite a private thing—all of the ton—a number of good things paſs'd.—What do you think lady Grace ſaid to me, quite extempore?

extempore?—But ſhe is immenſely clever, and has written ſome ſweet things in the Literary Fly.

Mrs. Sharp. Indeed! but I can't gueſs what ſhe ſaid; what was it?

J. Daiſey. My dear Daiſey, ſaid ſhe, what an age it is ſince I ſaw you! always ſhut up with the widow! Will you perpetually hide yourſelf in obſcurity? And then ſhe quoted a line out of the great Engliſh poet—what do you call him? Mention one or two.

Mrs. Sharp. Shakeſpeare, Milton, Dry—

J. Daiſey. Ay Milton.—And why, ſaid ſhe, will you leave us, my dear Daiſy.

[*repeating fantaſtically.*]

"And waſte your ſweetneſs on the deſart air."

Mrs. Sharp. Excellent indeed! admirable! quite unexpected!

J. Daiſey. Yes, yes, how ſhe admires me! [*Aſide.*

Yes, yes; I knew you would like it. I know your taſte, exactly, my dear widow.—I don't know how it is—but I am the ſubject of more good things than any man in Europe. I had not been at Bath above two days, before a lady gain'd the ſprig of myrtle for a copy of verſes on my qualifications.

Mrs. Sharp. Ah! it is theſe things that make me imagine you will change your ſentiments. At leaſt I cannot but ſuſpect your affections are divided.

J. Daiſey. No! Split me if they are! Now you ſhall judge; the ſecond time after we were ſo happy

happy as to meet, I was at one of lord Rattlebox's little ſuppers—every thing in ſtyle—Cards, repartee; no ſentiment (damn ſentiment!)—the whole company talking at once——Lord Oaks praiſing his button and loop—Lady Gig perſonating Baccelli—the dowager Leach ogling Sir Sampſon O'Marrow—Little Cog at cards—*A propos*—Did you ever ſee his diamond ring?—Devil take it, it ſparkled ſo in my eyes the other night. I loſt a cool hundred to him. And then there was Madam Gruntenburg, the fat German Princeſs, with her pedigree painted on her petticoat. She's of an immenſe fine family, and has a cuſtom of ſmoaking two pipes every day after dinner.

Mrs. Sharp. O delightful! how improving ſuch a ſociety muſt be!

J. Daiſey. All attacked me about you, my dear widow; and I openly avowed my paſſion.—Don't be aſham'd; we perſons of faſhion can't conceal theſe things; every body knows what we do; we cannot keep ſecrets like little low people. But come, my dear widow, when is to be the happy day? when am I to have the honour of calling you Mrs. Daiſey?

Mrs. Sharp. There is time enough, yet, Mr. Daiſey.—Don't be quite ſo impatient——ſome time hence.

J. Daiſey. Pſha! pſha! none of this coyneſs, my angel; don't affect reluctance with me; we men of faſhion are educated amongſt the ladies, and are half ladies ourſelves; we know all their little tricks and their terrors about they know not what; we pardon all ſuch falſe delicacies in an unmarried woman;—but a widow,

my

my dear Mrs. Sharp—a widow, is quite another thing.——Come, come, there is nothing like coming to the point. Fix the day at once, and it is all over.

Mrs. Sharp. I think, Mr. Daiſey, we had better defer that day a little longer. You know, Mr. Daiſey, women have ſtrange humours, which are not to be diſcovered at firſt ſight; were you to find out any of theſe imperfections in me, you wou'd repent of what you had done; and then only think what a life we ſhou'd lead, eternally together, and eternally quarrelling; then different tables, ſeparate apartments; one thing brings on another; and what aroſe from a trifling difference of opinion, terminates very ſeriouſly in Doctors Commons.

J. Daiſey. Oh, with people who know each other, that is impoſſible; I ſoon found out your temper; and as to my own, I may ſay, there is not a gentleman in the *ſixteen* clubs, that plays a bad hand with more temper than myſelf.

Mrs. Sharp. I make no doubt of it, Mr. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. Well then, my little widow—I'll tell you—there is my lord Smallſhanks wants me to go down with him to Smallſhank-hall—to receive his company—ſhew his pictures, quite *en famille:* but his lordſhip deteſts married women, and never ſaw his own wife but once. Now, if I do that, we cannot be married till my return, for I won'd not offend his lordſhip for the world.

Mrs. Sharp. To be ſure, Mr. Daiſey, you are perfectly in the right. But that will never do for my ſcheme. [*Aſide.*

J. Daiſey,

J. Daiſey. Then again, there's my lord Angle-court inſiſts on my being of his fiſhing party.—Now there you cou'd make one, for he loves the ladies, and I am ſure will like you. Well then, it ſhall be ſo; 'gad. how delighted he'll be with our paſſing the honey-moon with him! ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing, ha! ha! ha! to think how ridiculous it will be to ſpend the wedding-night in a cabbin, ha! ha! ha! quite new to us both, ha! ha! ha! I'm ſet upon it, that's poz.

Mrs. Sharp. Oh! fie! you really make me bluſh. I can't do things in ſuch a hurry; I'm not prepared.

J. Daiſey. Prepared!—Nonſenſe!—It is the *ton* now to do every thing ſuddenly; to be married ſuddenly; to die ſuddenly—without thinking of it. There is no occaſion for preparations on board a ſhip; we are not going to Otaheite.

Mrs. Sharp. No, God forbid.——But the wife of a man of faſhion ſhould keep up to her rank; eſpecially if ſhe brings a handſome fortune. You know there are certain neceſſary Paraphernalia.——

J. Daiſey. Oh, you are on that ſubject again.—I have thought of that, and have brought an anſwer to your objection in my pocket. Here they are, my dear widow; ſuch a ſet of jewels—Do you underſtand jewels?

Mrs. Sharp. Not much.

J. Daiſey. Then the counteſs of Brilliant has not finer.—Do me the honour of wearing them for my ſake; I had them of Deard, who tells me they are worth three thouſand pounds.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sharp. You men of faſhion do things ſo differently from the reſt of the world—your manner is ſo engaging, I declare, I do not know what to ſay to you.—You will think me fooliſh, Mr. Daiſey, I am ſure you will—will you not? [*fondly.*]

J. Daiſey. O, no, my deareſt widow, it is a proof of your ſenſibility, your refinement, your *ton.*

Mrs. Sharp. Your compliments are ſo irreſiſtible, Mr. Daiſey———

J. Daiſey. Yes, to be ſure, I am rather irreſiſtible, or ſo. [*aſide.*] Well then, my dear angel, I muſt take my leave at preſent; but I'll be back as ſoon as I can, and will finiſh the buſineſs this afternoon.

Mrs. Sharp. Well, you will have your way.

J. Daiſey. Only till we are marry'd. After the ceremony you may do as you pleaſe.--So bye, widow, adieu—adieu.

Mrs. Sharp. Then you are ſure I ſhall ſee you here in the evening?

J. Daiſey. —Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sharp. But perhaps you will be miſtaken. [*Aſide.*]

J. Daiſey. So, adieu, adieu, my ſweet creature. [*Aſide as going out.*] What an ugly vulgar devil ſhe is! If it were not for her money, I ſhould be aſham'd to appear in public with her.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Sharp. He has talked, to be ſure; but, I muſt ſay, it has been at his own expence.

[*Exit, looking at the caſket.*

Scene

Scene changes to the Park.

Enter Macfable and Spurious.

Macf. Weel, weel, I agree wi you, maiſter Spurious.—I ha' been reading your Parſian expreſſions; they are vara odd to be ſure. Are you ſartin now they are genuine? If they are, their ideas muſt be vara different from ours in Scotland; for they aw taken fra' the Sun, and the vegetation of the country. You are ſartin they are oregenal?

Spur. No doubt of it.—I hope you will allow me to be a judge; have not I compos'd Perſian odes, and invented the hiſtory of one of their Shaws?

Macf. Ah, vara we'el, vara we'el, and ſae you think noow that wi thes knowledge, I may talk of Parſia, as if I had ſeen it.—May I repeat aw thoſe ſtories you told ma yeſterday.—I muſt ſay I envy your fluency o'ſpeech, maiſter Spurious; for I was aw-ways of opinion we Scotſmen ware the worſt calculated to tell a ſtory of ony men in Europe. We dwall ſae lang on each of our expraſſions, that wee gi o'er muckle time for reflaction.

Spur. To be ſure you are ſomewhat long, but nobody reflects now-a-days, ſo you are ſafe there.

Macf. Bating then my natural em-pe-de-ment, you flatter me.——I ſhan'na be betray'd?

Spur. Not without you betray yourſelf: you muſt not mind the novelty of the thing; there is

nothing ſo extravagant as not to be carried off by impudence.

Macf. O'dinna fear me there.—I've a bonny ſhare o'confidance; I was aw-ways remarkable for a ſteedy countenance—but I ſhall have occaſion for it aw, as I am to dine wi my countrymon the great anatomiſt.—He's a ſhrew'd chield, and wou'd deſſact an empoſtor in the cutting up of a hagiſs.

Spur. No, no, never fear him. His partiality to his countrymen will prevent him from betraying you. If, however, he ſhou'd be weak enough to hint a ſuſpicion, fly into a paſſion, and hold your tongue. But, while I think of it, has my tailor brought you home your oriental dreſs, according to the drawing I gave him of it?

Macf. Yes, yes. And as I was tacking mi walk thes morning through Muirfields, I pecked up a few curioſitees, that are to come fra Parſia.

Spu. That's right.—If they come from Moorfields, I defy the devil to trace them again to their original habitations.

Macf. But, pray naw, did you think o' mi drawings the other day, at Mr. Dryneedle's?

Spu. Yes, yes. You have neatly finiſh'd them, I aſſure you; but how will you get off, ſhould any body aſk you to give them a copy, as you cannot draw?

Macf. Oh, as for that matter, I'll gi 'em a copy where I got the oregenal; and it will ha' the ſame axcellence as mony a celebreted pecture in this great cety——for bath copy and oregenal will be done by the ſame hond——

Spu.

Spu. Bravo! I did not think of that—I find you have one excellence, that your country are not famous for———that of invention.

Macf. Ay, that's a faculty vara neceſſary for travellers of every country.

Spu. True!—but remember to excel in it, it is neceſſary to practiſe it continually. It is the exerciſe of this talent which preſerves its poliſh; though any man may ſucceed in it once by accident, habit and a great genius can alone reduce it to a ſyſtem.

Macf. Vara weel. I'll tack care to follow your advice———

Spu. And be aſſured, that while a man has *this* faculty at command, no miſtakes can diſconcert him.

Macf. I believe then it was that commond I wanted this morning; for I was rather diſconcerted with a wee affair.

Spu. What was it?

Macf. I was calling upon Maiſter Macdawber, to ſhew him a drawing taken fra the Highlonds of Scotland, which I told him was a ſcene in the Deſarts of Africa---and indeed it was vera probable, for it was as barren, and as mountainous, as ony deſart in the univarſe; and what do ye thenk was the conſequence?

Spu. I can't gueſs.

Macf. It was the vara place where the chield was born. There was his father's hoouſe in the front o' the pecture!

Spu. Unlucky indeed! but how did you get off?

Macf. Why, I got off as faſt as I cou'd; there was nae ſtonding that.

Spu. Pſha! pſha! There you wanted the habit of invention.—I would have told him now—that—that—one of the clan had migrated to Africa, (and, you know, nothing more likely) and that he had built there an houſe—exactly reſembling old Macdawber's.

Macf. Weel, weel, I ſhall improve; but I have another ſcheme in agitation; that I ha' na' yet mention'd to ye—but then, Maiſter Spurious, you mun be ſilent, for there is a ladie in the caſe.

Spu. What! an intrigue? That will ruin every thing.—Plague of the women! They have been the cauſe of all the miſchief in the world.

Macf. Pogh! noow do ye thenk me ſic a fool as to be tacken in by woman—by a vile entrigue—by a wanton dowdie in pettycoats? No, no; I am mare like the reſt of my countrymen, awways upon my guard———

Spu. Well then, what is it?

Macf. I'll tell you—but you ruffle one ſa by the ſuppoſition of an entrigue—I ha' form'd an acquaintance with a vara rich wedow———

Spu. A widow!—Oh! beware of widows! They add the experience of mankind to the natural ſubtilty of their own ſex: and the arts they have learned from one huſband, they play off upon every other.

Macf. Hoot mon! You are aye interrupting one. What are her airts to me? Do you thenk that, after I am married, I am to be tied to her apron-ſtring? No, no; 'tis her ſiller, mon: Gi' me her money, and I canna ſuffer muckle by her airts.

airts. She may play as mony tracks as a conjurer—ſhe may raiſe the deel, if ſhe con.

Spu. Ay, ay; but who is ſhe? Are you certain ſhe has this fortune?

Macf. Truſt me for that—that was my firſt enquiry: I never forget the main chance. Tho' I may be defecient in invantion, I have an axcellent memory.

Spu. But what is her name?

Macf. Shearp—Mrs. Shearp.

Spu. Sharp!—Sharp!—Where does ſhe live!

Macf. Hard by here—She has an hoouſe to herſal, a vara alagant hoouſe. It puts me in mind of my ane houſe in Edinburgh, ſituate in the Cowgate.

Spu. Well, but you recollect, Mr. Macfable, that we are embarked together; and I am to have my ſhare in all your advantages.

Macf. O certainly, Maiſter Spurious—certainly—if you can get it. [*Aſide.*

Spu. And are you poſitive, ſhe thinks as well of you, as you ſeem to imagine? In what character do you appear? Do you play off the great traveller upon her too?

Macf. Oh! yes, ſhe is delighted, and in-troth ſhe ſhall find that I ha' ſeen as muckle o' the world, as ſhe thinks I ha done; but [*obſerving the clock*] I was to ha' waited on her before thes time: So your ſervant, Maiſter Spurious. [*Going.*

Spu. But, ſtay! did not you ſay you were going to a bookſeller about the publication of your travels?

Macf. O yes; I had forgotten it. Theſe

women put every thing o' the outſide o' mon's heed.

Spu. So I told you.—You had better never think of them.

Macf. Oh, na' matter fra that—But canna you gang to this bookſeller for me?—You can do the buſineſs better than I con; for ſomehow I can'na mack theſe fallows underſtond me.

Spu. Well then, I'll go to him. It is Splaſh, is it not? The little treaſonable bookſeller, who invents the bad news from America, and the ſpeeches of the Houſe of Commons.

Macf. Yes.—Then I'll gang to the wedow—for in ſic caſes there's nathing like punctuality. Wedows and Time, ſhou'd aye be tacken by the forelock. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene, an Apartment in Mrs. Sharp's Houſe.

Mrs. Sharp and Macfable, ſitting on a Sopha.

Mrs. Sharp.

OH! Mr. Macfable! I beg no compliments, Sir.

Macf. Ay, Madam, you are vary reight there; I ha' ſeen o'er muckle o' the world to expac to win your affections by compliments; but indeed I can'na expreſs the love I feel for you—Na tranſcient flame, but as laſting as life, and as unchangeable as the Highlonds.

Mrs. Sharp. Are you ſure of that, Mr. Macfable? A traveller, like you, who has learnt to collect pleaſure from a variety of ſcenes, is too apt to think it a folly to fix his affections upon any one object.

Macf. True, madam; you are aw-ways in the reight. I ha' ſeen muckle objects, to be ſure. I ha' viſited every country in the univarſe—and ha' ſuffered hardſhips ye winna believe—Wha thenk ye noow, I lived twa whole weeks upon air, like a camelion, ſleeping upon the ſonds of Nubia, and burnt by the ſun aw neight lang.

Mrs. Sharp. Sir! the ſun in the night?

Macf. Ay, Madam; for there he ne'er gangs down—He is na like our Engliſh ſun—half his time in bed—he is indefaticable.

Mrs. Sharp. You muſt have been very much burnt, Sir.

Macf. Yes, madam; as black as—as ony theng you ever ſaw—but for the good o' monkind, one is welling to ſuffer ony thing—and when the account o' my travels comes to be publiſhed, the warld will ſee that I neither regarded ſun, moon, nor ſtars.

Mrs. Sharp. But pray, Sir, when do you mean to favour us with your publication?

Macf. Immediately.—I ha' ordered a few copies in a large royal and imperial paper, for my particular friends, with my own heed, engraved by Barto. (what d'ye call him) louſey, for a frontiſpiece. Ah! he's a clever cheild, and certainly lineally deſcended from the Maclouſey's of Autchter-Maughty. And that is the reaſon, Madam, that I delayed geving you my pecture, till I cou'd preſent yeu baith work and pecture together.

Mrs. Sharp. But I am afraid your book will be unintelligible to us ladies; for I apprehend you will give ſpecimens of many different languages.

Macf. Yes, of five and twenty defferent ones.—I ſpeak them aw as weel as I do Angliſh.

Mrs. Sharp. Incredible!

Macf. But vara true—and I was offered the place of interpreter to the Great Mogul—but I wad'na leave my country.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sharp. I wiſh, Sir, your country may reward you for this piece of patriotiſm.

Macf. Nay, Madam, that is only in your power. [*Riſes.*] But when, Madam, am I to flatter myſelf with the honour of your hond?

Mrs. Sharp. Mr. Macfable, it woul'd be ridiculous in me to ſay, I have not a very particular opinion of your merits.

Macf. Ah! Madam!

Mrs. Sharp. And I ſhall be happy when I can beſtow my hand upon you,—but at preſent—

Macf. True, Madam, there is nathing like the praſant.

Mrs. Sharp. Yes, Sir; I was going to ſay, that, at preſent—there was an objection——

Macf. An objection, Ma'am, to me!

Mrs. Sharp. Why, I'll frankly tell you, Sir. There is a very advantageous match offered to my niece Miſs Lucy. Her fortune, which is in my poſſeſſion, muſt be paid in immediately. Four thouſand I can command; but for the other two thouſand, I muſt trouble ſome friend during a ſhort time———

Macf. Ay, Mrs. Shearp, that's the time to find a friend—But how will this delay our marriage? Can'na you marry firſt, and trouble your friend afterwards?

Mrs. Sharp. No, Sir; I ſhould not think I diſcharged my duty, if I did not fix her, before I conſidered myſelf.

Macf. But have you no friend in the cety—— or you may gang to an advertiſer, or a Jew, who are offering money to every body.

Mrs. Sharp. No, Sir, I do not wiſh to divide my jointure with Jews, whoſe extortions have al-

moſt ruined the country; who have turned their own curſe againſt Chriſtians, and ſent them wanderers over the face of the earth.

Macf. Vara true: but now I thenk of it, a fortunate idea has come into my heed——I can ſupply you myſal.

Mrs. Sharp That's fortunate indeed [*Aſide.*

Macf. And how do you thenk that is?——I'll tell you——I've a curious collection of peebles, aw of them oregenal, that I'll depoſit as a ſecurity for the money.

Mrs. Sharp. Dear Sir! your pebbles are no ſecurity: do not trouble yourſelf on my account ——I expect a gentleman here every moment, who will be glad to oblige me.——He is a particular friend of mine——but I feel ſomething that tells me I had rather be obliged to you than to him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Doctor Alfred, Madam.

Mrs. Sharp. Shew him up.

Macf. What, Madam! is the gentleman come already?—Zounds, I munna loſe her; and yet I mun gi' her up, or gi' her the money. [*Aſide.*] —Oh! a lucky thought! I'll gi' her the notes I ha' in my pocket. [*Turning to her.*] I am ſure, Mrs. Shearp, it mun appear to you, how eager ——I ſay, Ma'am it mun appear to you, how vara happy I am, in having an opportunity of doing you ſo eſſantial a piece of ſarvice. I ha' fortunately the money about me, which I was carrying to my banker's. But, Madam, I am ſure, I place it in muckle better honds.

Enter

Enter Doctor Alfred.

Doct. Well, well, Mrs. Sharp, I am come ſo faſt to ſee you, I can ſcarce tell you how happy I am. I have been at Jonathan's——you know why, you little rogue, you!

Mrs. Sharp. Huſh! huſh! Dr. Alfred, give me leave to preſent to you Mr. Macfable, a particular friend of mine from Scotland.

Doct. Theſe damn'd Scotchmen creep into every corner! [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. Sharp. Mr. Macfable, this is Dr. Alfred.

Doct. Though I have not the honour of being perſonally acquainted with you, Sir; yet your name is no ſtranger to me.

Mrs. Sharp. You muſt have been very much unacquainted with the world, if it had, Doctor.——Mr. Macfable's travels have been ſo extenſive, that he is as familiar in Africa as in Great Britain.

Doct. He has, to be ſure, much the appearance of having travelled—on foot. [*Aſide*] But, pray, Sir, what part of the world has been principally the object of your attention?

Macf. Parts, Doctor, quite unknown. I had na ambition to ſee an Italian ſenger, or an opera-girl; ſo did na' care to gang where every body had been before me——

Doct. And did you find much amuſement in theſe unknown countries?——I ſuppoſe the inhabitants of them are all ſavages.

Macf. Yes, yes; a kind of ſavages.

Doct. Quite unacquainted with every thing?

Mac.

Macf. O, no; vara clever and agreeable.

Mrs. Sharp. Clever!——what, ſavages clever!——How!

Macf. O they have a damn'd deal of wet; and are remarkable for invantion.

Doct. So indeed, it ſeems. [*Aſide.*]——Invention! what kind of invention?

Macf. O, they have a variety of invantions——in muſic——particularly, I think.

Doct. Muſic!—What, the bagpipe, I ſuppoſe?

Macf. Yes, they are enchanted with the ſound; and I had a fine opportunity of indulging my taſte there.

Mrs. Sharp. Then you are a muſician too, Mr. Macfable?

Macf. Yes, Madam, yes. I expire at harmony. I've an axcellent lug, and bonny lungs. I'll gi' a little ſonnet I compoſed the other day, when I was ruminating on the charms of the amiable Mrs. Shearp.

S O N G.

Let thoſe from clime to climate roam,
  Who ken not how to tarry O,
Grant me the peaceful ſweets of home,
  And bonny laſs to marry O.
But wha the happy bride ſhall be,
  And wha the prize ſhall carry O,
Can'na create a doubt in me,
  I ken the laſs to marry O.

How ſweet it is to marry O,
  To keſs, to toy, to marry O,

I care

I care not though the world do know,
I ken the laſs to marry O.

'Tis not your bairn of cauld fifteen,
Who ſcarce herſal can carry O,
O' twa I'd ſoon ha grey as green,
If yean I'm forc'd to marry O.
The wedow who diſdains all art,
Nor wiſhes love to parry O,
Soon yields her open generous heart;
And ſhe's the Theng to marry O.

How ſweet it is to marry O,
To keſs, to toy, to marry O,
I care not though, the world do know,
I ken the Theng to marry O.

How do you like it, Doctor?

Doct. Oh! admirable! It would be an excellent ſong if one could hear it in Scotland, accompanied with the fiddle of the country.

Mrs. Sharp. Ay, I thought you'd like it—— "Muſic has charms to ſoothe the ſavage breaſt," ——as the poet ſays.

Doct. But, Sir; did you learn any thing new in that way from your ſavages?

Macf. Yes, I flatter myſal I have brought over a contrivance, a moſt valuable acquiſetion to the public.

Doct. Indeed!—I love the public—let's have it.

Macf. You mun ken then; there is a certain part of Abyſinia, where they are remarkably fond of muſic, and where by the aſſiſtance of a

ſma

ſma degree of airt—open your mouth, Doctor, and I will ſhew you the practice.

Doct. No, I thank you, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the theory.

Macf. I ſay, where by the aſſiſtance of a little degree of airt, ſuch as boring a ſma' number of holes thro' the tongue, they gi' aw the poowers of an enſtrument to the human voice, and have at once both vocal and enſtrumental muſic.

Mrs. Sharp. Very ſurpriſing indeed! is it not, Doctor!

Doct. Wonderful!

Macf. Not at aw—not more wonderful—than the weevow, the invention they brought from Otaheite—did not they ſail round the world, to inveſtigate the airt of ſnuffling a tune thro' their noſes?

Doct. True, true;—I had forgot it.

Macf. Dinna you ken too, that Nightingale of a fallow who wheſtles about London like a fowl?

Mrs. Sharp. And has feather'd his neſt pretty handſomely.

Doct. I preſume you will like to do the ſame, Mr. Macfable.

Macf. Certainly——I expac I ſhall be able to form the whole Opera from my ain manufactory.

Doct. Ay, ſo you certainly will—I like your ſcheme amazingly—and am ſure it will have one good effect at leaſt, for it will baniſh thoſe ſqueaking ambiguous raſcals from the opera, who enervate the public ear, and make our women forget there is a man amongſt us.

Macf.

Macf. Ay, the gu'd o' my country was awways my object.

Doct. It may be ſo—but you'll get nothing by ſerving your country—you'll ſhortly have ſome ignorant fellow, without a grain of invention, practiſing the ſame thing, and deprive you of your advantage.

Macf. Oh, no!—I have a ſcheme to prevent that.

Doct. What is it?

Macf. I can'na tell you—but I'll wheſper it to Mrs. Shearp—but you munna divulge it now, madam.

Mrs. Sharp. No, no; I won't tell any body, I aſſure you.

Macf. (whiſpers.) Since there is na' getting quet of this old Doctor, I mun gang for the preſant, and return when he is gone, to finiſh our buſineſs.

Mrs. Sharp. A very ingenious ſcheme, indeed, Mr. Macfable. I am ſure the Doctor wou'd never gueſs it.

Doct. Ay, but you are miſtaken, I do gueſs his method of keeping his invention to himſelf, ——————He'll get a patent for it.

Macf. By St. Andrew then you are a conjurer, Doctor; I'll gang about it noow, Mrs. Shearp; and ſa I kiſs bath your honds. [*Exit.*

Doct. [*riſing.*] Well, my widow! Now the man is gone, I can talk to you freely.——Oh! how charming you look to-day! But I am ſo fatigued with the hurry I have made, that I can ſcarce ſpeak to you.

Mrs. Sharp. Well, Doctor! but what have you done about the forfeiture?—have you got the money?

Doct.

Doct. No. I cannot raiſe a farthing in the city.

Mrs. Sharp. Ay, I ſee you are not anxious about it.

Doct. Not anxious about it! Why ſtocks are down to the devil. I cou'd as ſoon raiſe a regiment as raiſe three thouſand pounds.

Mrs. Sharp. O fie, Doctor! A man of your intereſt upon 'Change.

Doct. 'Change indeed! and a ſad change there is—I ran over three lame ducks, who were waddling out of the Alley this morning.

Mrs. Sharp. I find now what it is—There is ſome other lady in the caſe.

Doct. Yes, there is a lady———

Mrs. Sharp. Oh! there is.

Doct. An old friend of mine———

Mrs. Sharp. An old friend too?

Doct. One Mrs. Pennyworth, who will lend me the money. I manage her buſineſs, and will go to her immediately.

Mrs. Sharp. And manage her buſineſs! Very well. Go to her, I beg, as you prefer her to me.

Doct. Now, my dear widow—Bleſs me, prefer her!—Why, ſhe is as ugly as the devil, and the abſtract of avarice.

Mrs. Sharp. Don't tell me, Doctor——

Doct. Now, indeed, my dear widow—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a woman below ſtairs, who ſays ſhe has particular buſineſs with you, and muſt ſee you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sharp. There, Doctor! What do you ſay now?—I beg you wou'd go to the woman.

Doct. See me!—who is ſhe?

Serv. I don't know who ſhe is. She looks like ſome maid from a lodging-houſe. She wanted to come in; but when I refuſed her admittance, ſhe begged I wou'd give you this letter.

Doct. [*reads.*] "Dear Doctor! I have been "waiting for you all this morning," &c.

Mrs. Sharp. Then pray go, Doctor.—I ſee the lady is in a great hurry.

Doct. Now, my dear widow! the letter comes from Mrs. Pennyworth, the old maid I was ſpeaking of.

Mrs. Sharp. Oh Doctor, for ſhame!—An old maid!

Doct. Yes, my dear widow; did you never hear of Peg Pennyworth? Why, ſhe keeps the door of her coach in her parlour, leſt the coachman ſhould let it out as a hackney.

Mrs. Sharp. What! are all your promiſes come to this?

Doct. Now, my dear widow! you are not jealous of her? Why, ſhe always goes to market herſelf, and carries her fiſh home in her pocket—ſhe is always ſlip-ſhod—and her cloaths hang about her like a weeping willow.

Mrs. Sharp. Oh! you hypocrite!

Doct. Not at all. It is all a miſtake.—This letter comes from the perſon who is to lend me the money—Peg Pennyworth is to lend me the money.

Mrs. Sharp. Well, then, Doctor, the only way to convince me of it is—to get the money of

of her, and let me ſee you with it this afternoon. Then I may believe.

Doct. It ſhall be done; and, if I don't raiſe the ſupplies, I'll ſubmit to be abuſed like a prime miniſter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, Peg Pennyworth's Houſe.

Peg diſcovered ſitting at a Table with Bags of Money, weighing it, &c.

Peg. Bleſs me! another light one!——Here now has been your clipper——his majeſty (God bleſs him!) ſhaved as cloſe as ever he was in his life—I'll lay that by, to get rid of it as ſoon as I can.—Another!—here has been a ſweater—one of your guinea Dominicetti's. Ay, this will do for Dr. Waterback the phyſician. Bleſs me! this can't be gold—not worth a ſhilling—I'll ſubſcribe that to the American priſoners, and I ſhall have credit in the newſpapers for one pound one. ———But hark! ſomebody is coming——Oh! I ſhall have my throat cut, if it is known that I have a guinea in the houſe. [*Puts her bags of money, &c. into a drawer*]. It is very odd this Pin don't return. I only ſent her to Dr. Alfred's, and ſhe has been gone above an hour.——Oh! the plague of theſe ſervants,———and to be taxed for them too———but I am a match for government there. I have turned away my men, and keep only females now; and if they make us pay for them too, I'll keep none at all.

Enter

Enter Pin.

Oh! where have you been, you huſſey?

Pin. Been! Abuſed! ſcandaliz'd, ſerv'd!—

Peg. Ay, ſerved you right, I dare ſay. What buſineſs had you to ſtay ſo long? I make no doubt now you have been liſtening in the ſtreet to ſome filthy ballad.

Pin. I wiſh I had—it would have been better than———

Peg. Yes, yes; I dare ſay you think ſo; but where's the doctor?

Pin. Here he comes.——I hear him on the ſtairs.

Peg. Then get you out of the room.—What do you ſtand for? what! are you petrefied?

Pin. [*aſide, and going.*] Here's a rumpus!—Putrified! Putrified yourſelf, you old maid, you.

[*Exit Pin.*

Peg. [*coughs.*] Hugh! hugh! hugh! hugh!

Enter Doctor Alfred.

Doct. What then, my good old friend, Mrs. Pennyworth—has Dr. Waterback done you no good?

Peg. No, no—he felt—he felt—my pulſe—look'd at my tongue, and pick'd my pocket.

Doct. Ay, I wiſh we had a few ſuch heads as your's to direct government.—But, my good old friend, I am afraid you think too much of your family concerns.

Peg. I believe, I do think too much; but I cant't help it; for my ſervants eat me up alive, and abuſe me when they have done.

Doct.

Doct. Oh, you ſhou'd never mind abuſe, my good old friend. That and oppoſition keep alive the conſtitution.

Peg. But, Doctor, every body ſcandalizes me too.

Doct. And they ſcandalize *me* too; but I diſregard it.——My fame, like myſelf, will grow white as it grows old; and ſo I laugh at ſcandal.

Peg. Ay, ay; I believe it is the beſt way. My grandmother, Mrs. Penelope Pennyworth—Oh! ſhe was a clever woman, and wrote The Complete Houſewife—uſed to ſay, "Keep yourſelf warm, and no matter who laughs at you."

Doct. [*laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Peg. Ha! ha! ha!—But, Doctor, this laughing won't do.—Come, to buſineſs—you mind nothing now but your politics. As you cou'd do nothing for me at Jonathan's yeſterday, let us examine my Intereſt-book. [*untying a pocket-book, and reading*]. "Lent to Hap Hazard, Eſq; five "hundred pounds, from his advertiſement to "Y. Z. age doubtful."—That was the worſt bargain we ever made——his being returned member of parliament for the borough of Squanderbury prevented my arreſting him, and doing his buſineſs at once: however, I inſiſt upon an execution in his houſe directly.

Doct. I went yeſterday, and the bailiffs were ſitting with him in his parlour.

Peg. Then clap mine into his dining-room, where his pictures are.—But to proceed, "Lent "to the Reverend Mr. Saygrace, my couſin, "five hundred pounds, upon his living in the "Fens."--'Tis a bad ſecurity, and I don't like it—beſides too, he has got nine children, and the Fens are unwholeſome; ſo give my couſin notice

tice to pay it in, and if he does not—ſeize his parſonage, and turn out his wife and children.

Doct. Zounds! what a cormorant! She is as rapacious as a Jew-contractor.——There can be no harm in deceiving ſuch a monſter. [*Aſide.*

Peg. But yet, Doctor, there remains five thouſand pounds in my banker's hands, and no intereſt upon it. That muſt not be: now, I have had intelligence of a little ſcheme, if I dare venture my life upon it.

Doct. Your life!—Heaven forbid!

Peg. By way of annuity.

Doct. Oh!——Well, Ma'am.

Peg. The caſe is this.—Sir Driveaway Whipſtock has occaſion for four thouſand pounds; and as money is hard to be got (for government has got it all), he would give one thouſand pounds per year annuity for my life, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he imagines that I am not likely to live.——Now, Dr. Alfred, your are my old friend, and have known my conſtitution theſe twenty years,—therefore, look in my face, and tell me what you think of me?

Doct. [*puts on ſpectacles.*] Long life in every wrinkle!

Peg. Then, Doctor, you adviſe me to it.

Doct. By no means. Young Driveaway is a ſpendthrift, a gambler—a whore-maſter.

Peg. Gracious me!

Doct. A man, who ſtakes his whole fortune on a card; runs maggots upon a table; drives geeſe againſt turkeys from Norwich to London for thouſands, and hops after them with a taylor on his back.

Peg. Well then, Doctor——What wou'd you adviſe me to do with the money.

Doct.

Doct. Why, Ma'am, I was thinking about it this morning. There is a little thing, of which I can give you very good information, as I am the agent for it. It is a foundation for the reception of illegitimate children—a very neceſſary charity.

Peg. A charity! O I'll have nothing to do with charity.

Doct. But it will pay more than legal intereſt for any ſum advanced.

Peg. Will it? Then let us hear it?

Doct. At preſent the plan is rather confined; but the governors have got an act of parliament to raiſe twenty thouſand pounds, by which means the children will certainly produce twenty per cent to the money-lenders.

Peg. Twenty per cent.—twenty per cent. [*conſidering.*]

Doct. Ay——that overcomes her! [*aſide.*]—Well, Madam, and beſides this, after their work is over, the children will be allowed to go a begging for their own advantage; beſides, you can lend ſome of them out, which will make it more profitable to you.

Peg. And you are ſure they will pay twenty per cent.?

Doct. At leaſt.

Peg. Well then, I think, I can't do better; but how much can I be allowed to have?

Doct. Perhaps, Ma'am, I cou'd get you in about 3000l.

Peg. Well, well; I am determined my money ſhan't ſtand ſtill.——Here take a check for the money immediately. [*Writes.*

Doct. But, Ma'am, is the advantage equal to your expectations? Twenty per cent. is not ſo much——

Peg.

Peg. Why, no—but light gains makes heavy purſes. That's my maxim.

Doct. If then you ſhould repent, don't blame me.

Peg. No, no;—it is all my own doing——the children——the children for me. Ay, ay;—I mean——it is an excellent ſecurity.

Doct. O yes, Ma'am—yes, yes—it is an excellent ſecurity. The children for your money, and the widow for mine [*Aſide, and exit, kiſſing the note.*]

Peg. This now is doing buſineſs; this is managing one's own affairs——twenty per cent. ——ay—twenty per cent.—Oh! this hoſpital is a very charitable inſtitution!——Poor harmleſs babes, that can't help themſelves!——Stay then, are not theſe illegitimates minors? Certainly. Why then they can't take up money legally—— O lud! I ſhall be proſecuted for uſury.—I'll go, and enquire about it inſtantly [*Going.*—What a country this is we live in! where youth profits by its inexperience, and the prudence of age is made uſeleſs by act of parliament. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Splaſh's Houſe,

With a back View of the Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Splaſh diſcovered in a little back Room.

Mrs. Splaſh. Why now, I think——

Splaſh. I tell you, Mrs. Splaſh, women ought never to think---they have no buſineſs to think---they were not intended for thinking.

Mrs.

Mrs. Splaſh. Why ſure, you talk ſo much about liberty———and yet you won't let your wife———

Splaſh. Liberty! I'll tell you what, Mrs. Splaſh, liberty is very well---'tis a kind of ſomething---it is a word---Liberty--Miniſters--Government--It does very well abroad.——But I'll have no liberty in my family.———It is my way.

Mrs. Splaſh. Aye, aye; I knew it wou'd come to that; you will have every thing your own way.

Splaſh. Hold you tongue, Mrs. Splaſh; I will be abſolute.

Mrs. Splaſh. But I don't know now what liberty is, Mr. Splaſh.

Splaſh. And I never intend you ſhou'd, Mrs. Splaſh.—I am of the opinion of the great Milton, that woman was born only for obedience, and man only for rebellion. [*Shop-boy calls out from the back Scene.*]

Boy. Sir, here's the Devil, with a rough proof of Univerſal Freedom.

Splaſh. Send Dr. Calculation to the Devil.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, here's the gentleman who was to come here this morning.

Splaſh. Is there?---Shew him in.--Here, come, Mrs. Splaſh, pack up your trumpery, and get out of the way.

Mrs. Splaſh. [*going.*] Good Lord! this is being married to a bookſeller!—This is, I ſuppoſe, the Liberty of the Preſs! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Spurious.

Splaſh. Pray, Sir, are you the gentleman that I was recommended to by my good friend the doctor?

Spur. No, Sir; the gentleman himſelf was engaged upon buſineſs this morning, and requeſted that I would communicate to you his commands.

Splaſh. I had, rather, Sir—I hope no offence—treat with the principal. I always like to treat with principals; it is my way. [*bowing.*

Spur. It is juſt the ſame thing, Sir. He is a very particular friend of mine, and I know the whole buſineſs.

Splaſh. But it is my way to be cautious on theſe occaſions. I preſume, Sir, you know my way.—The Doctor has inform'd you, I ſuppoſe.—I have been a ſufferer, by talking to people I had no buſineſs to talk to, in my way——ſo, Sir, I'm obliged to be upon my guard.

Spur. You are very right, Sir;—but I am the ſame in this affair as my friend.

Splaſh. Well then, Sir, as I know my principal, we may proceed.——It is my way, Sir. You will think my caution not unneceſſary.—I have known the time, when I lamented the want of it,———I had once the misfortunne to ſtand in the pillory.

Spur. Pillory, Sir!—I am very ſorry to hear it. Pray how did it happen?

Splaſh. I'll tell you, Sir;—I was ſitting one morning in my back-ſhop, eating an egg with Mrs. Splaſh, as is my way, when little Cotton, my ſhop-boy, came and told me that a gentleman wanted to ſpeak with me. Accordingly I had

him ſhewn into my private back-room, here, Sir; and turned out Mrs. Splaſh, as is my way. And I looked at him, and I found him a well-dreſs'd gentleman in a ſnuff-colour'd coat, and red waiſt-coat, with a pair of handſome blue ſilk ſtockings on, and a ſmart white wig. In ſhort, Sir, he appeared as pretty a gentleman as one can ſee, with a plump round ſleek face. None of your razor-phiz'd ſtar-gazers from a garret, that brings us their works on a Sunday. So, Sir;—I was very glad to ſee him, in my way. Well, Sir, he produc'd out of his pocket a bundle of papers, in a fair gentleman-like manner; which I examin'd, and found to be a little ſatirical and abuſive, in my way, Sir.———So, Sir, he gave me his card, and I publiſh'd his work, as innocent as a new-born babe. In a few days, Sir, however, I was ſerv'd with a writ: For the miniſtry, who did not underſtand my way, thought it was licentious, and I know not what. So, Sir, I very readily gave up my author, as is my way; and what do you think was the conſequence of this liberal proceeding?—On ſending after my gentleman, the bird was flown, and poor I was put into the cage in his ſtead.

Spur. Very hard treatment, indeed, Mr. Splaſh.

Splaſh. Oh, Sir; I have ſuffered a great deal for my country, beſides the pillory; I have been impriſoned twice, fined five times, and all for doing things in my way.

Spur. By this time, I ſhou'd imagine then that you begin to be tired of *your* way.

Splaſh. No, Sir; as long as my country, poor Old England, continues to be devoured by miniſters

niſters—I will publiſh, and tell them what they are: that's my way, Sir.

Spur. Well, Sir; but with regard to my friend's buſineſs, will you give me leave to ſpeak with you?

Splaſh. To be ſure, Sir; I am always happy to attend gentlemen on buſineſs.—I am always--a-doing, and a-doing: but I beg pardon, Sir.

Spur. My friend, Mr. Splaſh, has an intention to publiſh———

Splaſh. Publiſh, Sir? very right, Sir; I wiſh every gentleman wou'd publiſh, and I believe we ſhou'd have more books in my way; but, Sir, is it of the pamphlet kind? ſince members of parliament who cannot ſpeak think it neceſſary to write to their conſtituents, the pamphlet-buſineſs has been very advantageous.

Spur. No, Sir; it is nothing of that kind—it is——

Splaſh. [*interrupting him.*] A ſpeech probably, ſaid to be ſpoken in a certain aſſembly: no matter whether it is exact or not.—He underſtands ſhort-hand, and has been let into the Gallery.

Spur. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Splaſh. A ſatire then? Speak openly ——A ſtroke at the miniſtry. If it is any thing of that kind, I will anſwer for its ſucceſs—'tis quite in my way.

Spur. No, Sir, it is nothing of that kind.

Splaſh. No! Something then to hit the taſte of the times; ſomething looſe and pretty; a ſentimental, amorous novel, with a few real characters. Come, Sir, it is all in my way.

Spur. [*angrily.*] No, Sir;—I tell you, it is nothing of that kind.

Splaſh. [*bowing*] No offence, I hope, Sir;—I only mention what every body reads.—I am all attention, Sir:—I am ſilent.

Spur. My friend, Sir, has been a great traveller.—His work is an account of———

Splaſh. [*interrupting.*] His travels, I ſuppoſe, in familiar letters to his friends; probably to you.—To be ſure, they are rather out of faſhion—but———

Spur. Why, you won't give me leave to ſpeak, Mr. Splaſh. I was going to ſay———

Splaſh. I aſk you ten thouſand pardons. I am all attention, Sir———

Spur. My friend, Sir, has been a great traveller; his work is an account of the Great Mogul, and the Natural Hiſtory of the Foreſts of Africa.

Splaſh. [*conſidering.*] The Foreſts of Africa, and the Natural Hiſtory of the Great Mogul.

Spur. [*warmly.*] You miſtake the thing entirely, Mr. Splaſh. It is an account of the Court of the Great Mogul, and the Natural Hiſtory of the Foreſts of Africa.

Splaſh. Oh, very well; it makes no difference in my way. The ſubject is, I think, quite new.

Spur. Yes, Sir; the novelty of it—will be a treaſure to you—and the diſcoveries which my friend has made are wonderful.

Splaſh. And pray, Sir—are his diſcoveries relating to the Great Mogul, or the Foreſts of Africa?

Spur. To both, Sir; he loſt no opportunity of information.

Splaſh. And may I be ſo bold as to aſk how your friend came to viſit theſe countries—very inqui-

inquiſitive, I ſuppoſe; took care to ſee every thing.

Spur. A great deal; but he was oblige I ſometimes to truſt to information.—No man can ſee every thing.

Splaſh. Ay, ay; partly true then, and partly falſe.—I don't mind that, in my way.—But there is no occaſion to mention it; let them find it out that can.—Foreſts of Africa, and the Court of the Great Mogul [*conſidering.*] A very good title—ay, it will do: but pray, Sir, does your friend touch on—on—the politics of the Great Mogul? any ſtrokes at his government, in my way? And pray, Sir, are the people in that country free? Who now may be the preſent Mogul's firſt lord of the treaſury?

Spur. O, it is impoſſible to tell.—He changes them frequently.

Splaſh. Ay, ay, that's right, every man has his ſhare, ſometimes in, and ſometimes out.—Dam'me, there's no getting them out here.—But will your friend put his name to the publication?

Spur. Yes, certainly.—He is well known in the literary world.—He is a gentleman of diſtinction.

Splaſh. Very well, ſo much the better.—I'll engage then—and ſo I may put in the title, by ſuch-a-one, Eſq; there's a great deal in that. I remember a few juvenile poems on dogs, monkeys, and paroquets, that went through four editions, merely becauſe the author was a man of faſhion.

Spu. I recollect it. Yes, my friend is a man of a very antient family.

Splaſh. Ay, that he may put in the preface—

Spur. Who are lairds in the County of Inverneſs?

Splaſh. Where! Inverneſs?—Why, that's in Sweden?

Spur. Sweden!—no, no; in the north of Scotland.

Splaſh. In the north of Scotland! Why then he is a Scotchman?

Spur. To be ſure he is.

Splaſh. Oh, Sir! that will never do for me! 'tis quite out of my way. Sir, you muſt excuſe me.—I waſh my hands of it———

Spur. Why ſo, Sir?

Splaſh. I'll have nothing to do with him, or his Mogul. Sir, I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Spur. But, Sir—my friend——

Splaſh. Sir, I'm your humble ſervant.—You had better carry your Mogul and Foreſt of Africa to Pater-noſter-row.

Spur. Why ſo, Sir?

Splaſh. Every man in his own way!——A Scotchman!—Damn you, a Scotchman!

[*Exit Spurious haſtily, Splaſh driving him off.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene, a Dreſſing-room in Mrs. Sharp's Houſe.

Enter Lucy Lovell meeting Betty.

Lucy [*calling*].

BETTY!

Betty. Ma'am.

Lucy. Remember, when Mr. Daiſey comes, you are to ſhew him into this room. You may ſay, my aunt is engaged with company; but that I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

Betty. And well you may, Ma'am; for, I am ſure, I thinks he is a ſweet pretty gentleman.

Lucy. And ſo do I, Betty.

Betty. Ah, Madam! I wiſhes you had him! —You wou'd be a pretty couple!

Lucy. And pray, Betty, have you any reaſon to think that Mr. Daiſey has any inclination towards me?

Betty. O yes, Madam! This morning, as Dr. Daiſey was coming out of your aunt's apartment, he met me in the dark paſſage; and he ſaid—ſaid—ſaid——

Lucy. Well, Betty—what did he ſay?

Betty. I was going to tell you, Madam—ſo Ma'am, as I was ſaying, he met me in the dark

paſſage; and—he ſaid—I was a very pretty girl.

Lucy. Well, well! what ſignifies that! But what did he ſay about me?

Betty. To be ſure, Ma'am, as you ſay, it ſignifies nothing. So, Ma'am, after he ſaid, I was a very pretty girl, he deſir'd---deſir'd---Lud, Ma'am---I don't know how to t ll you.

Lucy. You need not be afraid---I ſhall forgive him.

Betty. Why, Ma'am—he—he——deſir'd I wou'd kiſs him.

Lucy. Lord bleſs me! Why, kiſs him then, and there is an end of it. But, dear Betty,—what did he ſay about me?

Betty. Well, Ma'am, I was going to tell you —ſo, Ma'am—— [*knocking*]. O dear Ma'am, there he is! that's his rap—— [*Betty runs out.*

Lucy. Well, this girl has confirm'd my ideas; and it ſhall go hard, if I don't improve upon 'em. I have a ſcheme, where, if Daiſey's inclinations but luckily ſecond my wiſhes, I ſhall make my fortune, and foil my friend Mrs. Sharp at her own weapons.

Enter Jemmy Daiſey, ſpeaking to Betty.

J. Daiſey. Here's coin for you, my little Queen of Hearts—That's the way; touch the hand, and take the heart.--[*To Lucy.*]—What! my little Lucy all alone here?—Where's your aunt?

Lucy. She is at preſent engaged in dreſſing, Sir.

J. Daiſey. Is ſhe?—And are you all alone, ruminating upon your own thoughts?—What may

may they be, my little Lucy? Something about love, I make no doubt.

Lucy. No, no, Mr. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. O, you may truſt me. They will not be the firſt ſecrets of ladies I have been let into. Come, confeſs; I ſuppoſe you have given your heart to ſomething very ſhewy. A ſmirking young officer, all gaiters and queue.

Lucy. [*laughing.*] No, no; to nothing of that kind, indeed, Mr. Daiſey. But ſuppoſe I ſhou'd have plac'd my affections on ſome handſome man of faſhion, engaging in his manners, and very elegant in his dreſs, abounding with good-humour, and giving a lively turn to every thing he ſays. If I had given my heart to ſuch a one, what wou'd you ſay?

J. Daiſey. That you were the moſt fortunate girl in the world.

Lucy. And ſo ſhou'd I, Mr. Daiſey. But ſuppoſe that heart had been devoted, by the authority of a parent, to a perſon old, deform'd ——and without any recommendation but his riches?

J. Daiſey. Why then I ſhou'd pity you——

Lucy. If you do—ſuch a caſe is my own:—but I will not teize you, Mr. Daiſey, with the relation; it wou'd be uſeleſs.

J. Daiſey. Not at all, my Lucy.—I feel myſelf intereſted in your welfare. I am charm'd with your frankneſs, and inſiſt upon your relating to me all that concerns you.

Lucy. Well then, I'll make you the confident of my ſtory.——Now for a happy invention. [*Aſide.*]—My father, like the generality of old men, preferring riches to every other conſideration, engaged me to ſuch a perſon as I have de-

ſcribed.——Every thing which I cou'd urge againſt it ſeem'd to confirm him in his reſolution; and, in a ſhort time, I ſhould have been compelled to have given way to his perſeverance, had not a ſudden fit of illneſs deprived him of life. He had however time enough to require a promiſe from my aunt Mrs. Sharp to ſee this engagement perform'd.—In hopes of this taking place, Mrs. Sharp keeps me here her priſoner.—I beg pardon, Mr. Daiſey, for giving you this trouble; but I cannot but think my ſituation particularly hard, as my father left me a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds.

J. Daiſey. Very hard indeed, Ma'am; but have you a fortune of fifty thouſand pounds in your own poſſeſſion? Zounds! I have run on the wrong ſide the poſt [*Aſide.*] Fifty thouſand pounds, did you ſay, Ma'am? Very hard indeed!

Lucy. Yes, Sir; and in expectation of ten thouſand more, from an uncle in the Weſt-Indies.---I hope that is not too far-fetch'd. [*Aſide.*

J. Daiſey. What, Ma'am! Sixty thouſand pounds, and forc'd to marry an old ugly wretch that wou'd keep you at home out of jealouſy; and make you his nurſe to ſhew his affection.—O horrid! barbarous.——Why, Ma'am, you might command a man of the ton.—A lady of your figure and accompliſhments might take your choice of all the faſhionable clubs in town.——They are damn'd poor at preſent! [*Aſide.*

Lucy. But pray, Mr. Daiſey, how am I to ſee them—I, who am confined from morning till night—when indeed you are married to Mrs. Sharp———

J. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. Mrs. Sharp, Ma'am!—I married to Mrs. Sharp!---No, Madam--I wou'd not marry her for the world.

Lucy. No! I thought your attachment to her had been unalterable.

J. Daiſey. I have no attachment to her at all. An unnatural monſter! I diſcard her; wou'd that I cou'd mortify her as ſhe deſerves! wou'd that you wou'd give me a title to mortify her! —a title, which I here implore upon my knees, [*kneeling*] and wou'd die to deſerve.—The devil is in it, if ſhe ſtands this. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. I am very ſenſibly affected by your good wiſhes, Mr. Daiſey; but I cannot bear to ſee you in that humiliating ſituation.—Riſe, I intreat you, riſe.

J. Daiſey. Never, Madam, till you honour me with calling me your friend.——I was going to have ſaid ſomething more than a friend.

Lucy. I know not what to ſay, Mr. Daiſey—but—but---I beg you will riſe.

J. Daiſey. [*riſing.*] Won her, by Jupiter!--- [*Aſide.*

Lucy. Mine, by all that's ridiculous! [*Aſide.*

J. Daiſey. Come, my deareſt Lucy, do not heſitate to pronounce my happineſs.

Lucy. I really know not what to ſay, Mr. Daiſey. Cou'd I comply with theſe ſolicitations, can you imagine that my aunt would give her conſent to our union?

J. Daiſey. No: damn her conſent! we'll not ſtay for that. I aſk none but your's.

Lucy. But, allowing that to be granted, I am ſo confin'd here, that it wou'd be impoſſible to make our eſcape unobſerv'd.

J. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. No, no. Impoſſible! not at all.—We can ſeize ſome opportunity, when ſhe leaſt ſuſpects it—now—this very inſtant.—In five minutes, I can provide a parſon—Lord Cramturtle's chaplain is always in the houſe before dinner; and will ſay grace over us in a minute.

Lucy. But, Mr. Daiſey—but—this is ſo unexpected—Let me think a moment.

J. Daiſey. But one moment, my dear Lucy!

Lucy. If I carry on the farce much longer, Mrs. Sharp may be coming [*aſide*]. Well, if you will have it ſo, Mr. Daiſey—

J. Daiſey. Thanks to that thought—Come then, my little Lucy, come, come—

Lucy [*going*] And yet I cannot help regretting how my aunt will ſuffer———

J. Daiſey. And I rejoicing——particularly, my lovely Lucy, when I conſider the fortunate change I have made———

Lucy. Why, it is poſſible, you might have been deceiv'd in her.

J. Daiſey. I make no doubt of it; and I again congratulate myſelf, my dear Lucy, in having eſcap'd from ſuch a monſter, to find in your arms all innocence and virtue—where there can be no deceit. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, a Room in Mrs. Sharp's Houſe.

Mrs. Sharp. It grows late—I wiſh the Doctor wou'd return, and bring me theſe proofs of his affection.—Surely, I did not carry the joke too far. Women, when they are jealous, are very violent; it was the only way to work on him: and if I find him backward again, I muſt make uſe of the ſame ſpur, to urge him to be generous.

rous.—As ſoon as he has given me the money, I ſhall make Lucy entertain him, whilſt I and O'Kite take our leave, like the French fleet, and talk of our victory in a ſafe harbour.—Poor Lucy!—She little thinks ſhe's to be one of my doves.—But, in caſes of this ſort, we do not ſtand much upon ceremony.—She is a cunning artful girl, and I dare ſay wou'd do as much for me.—I'll therefore flatter her a little to hide the ſnare.—Betty! [*calling.*

Enter Betty.

Deſire Miſs Lucy to come here.

Betty. She is gone out, Ma'am.

Mrs. Sharp. Where is ſhe gone to?

Betty. I don't know, Ma'am.

Mrs. Sharp. Well, you may go—[*Exit Betty.* What can ſhe be gone about? But it is no matter: I can do without her.—If my patient prove refractory, I have a preſcription in the houſe, that will be ſufficiently efficacious—Well, my ſcheme is nearly brought to a concluſion; and I think O'Kite, with all his obſtinacy, will not deny my ingenuity the credit of the invention. Some people inherit titles and eſtates, and grovel on in the ſame road their forefathers purſued before them; but give me a world to ſtruggle with, and make me an extraordinary woman.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Doctor Alfred, Madam. [*Exit Serv.*

Mrs. Sharp That's fortunate!

Enter

Enter Doctor Alfred.

Doct. Well, my dear rogue, I am come again: but how could you uſe your poor old Alfred ſo barbarouſly?—Indeed it was cruel.

Mrs. Sharp. Ay, but indeed you deſerv'd it, Doctor.

Doct. No, no; you muſt not be jealous of your poor old Alfred.—Indeed, I hate all women but you. Come, come, you little rogue.—One kiſs, and we are friends again.

Mrs. Sharp. No, no, Doctor;——I am ſtill afraid you are one of thoſe gay old gentlemen, who, the older they grow, the more wicked they are. As ſoon as I am married, I dare ſay, you will keep a naughty girl.

Doct. Oh lud!—I keep a naughty girl!—I'd ſooner keep company with placemen or penſioners.

Mrs. Sharp. Come, come, Doctor, don't deny it.—Did not you maintain Mrs. Roundhead—keep her a coach, and treat her as your wife.

Doct. That was only to be popular.

Mrs. Sharp. And moſt probably you will be popular again.

Doct. No, no;—ſhe has chang'd her Doctor now———

Mrs. Sharp. You wou'd make me believe ſo.

Doct. Indeed, ſhe wou'd never have done for me. She talked ſo furiouſly about a change of men and meaſures, that ſhe quite overcame me.—So, my dear widow, I have given her up.

Mrs. Sharp. I cannot believe you!

Doct. Indeed, you may.—She wanted to turn

me

me out of my own houſe—to turn me out of my own houſe.

Mrs. Sharp. That was hard indeed!

Doct. But no wonder; ſhe never thought of any thing but the Revolution.

Mrs. Sharp. This may be very good talking, Doctor.—But I have no proof of your affection.—You ſay, I have it—Will nothing make him underſtand me!——— [*Aſide.*

Doct. Now, upon my word, my dear creature——if ever there was love——

Mrs. Sharp. Then give me the proof it.

Doct. Well, one kiſs, &c.

Mrs. Sharp. No, no; no kiſſes for me, till I find you are ſerious in your intentions——Pay off the forfeiture.

Doct. O, if that's all, I have got the money in my pocket—here it is [*ſhewing the notes.*] By the bye, that forfeiture was an unnatural thing for your late huſband to put into his will [*gives them to her*].—I borrowed the money of my old friend on purpoſe, and now let them claim the forfeiture when they pleaſe.—We'll be married as ſoon as poſſible.—There, you ſweet little rogue! O—I cou'd devour this hand—ſo ſoft and ſo ſweet! [*Kiſſes it.*

Enter Macfable.

Macf. What the de'el is that I ſee!—O, Madam, I ha' interrupted you.—The Doctor is vara warm in his devotions. (*Doctor ſtarts.*

Mrs. Sharp. Bleſs me!—This is unfortunate! [*Aſide.*

Doct. O, my good friend! I am glad to ſee you here again.

Macf.

Macf. I dinna believe you, Doctor: theſe are damn'd equivocal liberties that you are tacking wi' Mrs. Shearp.

Doct. Oh, no liberties at all, my good friend!

Macf. Hoot mon! to be found in ſic poſtures———

Doct. Not at all improper in my ſituation.

Macf. O dinna tell me that! You may be vara wicked notwithſtanding your age and profeſſion.

Doct. Wicked! Only think, you little rogue, of his calling thoſe innocent freedom, wickedneſs!—Well, if they are ſo, we ſhall repeat them very often, you little rogue.

Macf. Will you?—I dinna think you will, my good Doctor, without aſking my leave.

Doct. Ha! ha! ha! Aſk his leave! Only think of that, you little rogue, you.

Macf. Sir, I dinna underſtond theſe jokes wi' the lady I am to eſpouſe.

Doct. You eſpouſe!—Very good-- very good, ha! heh! heh!—No, Sir, no. I am to be married tot his lady.

Macf. What!—You?———

Doct. Yes—I, myſelf.

Macf. Hoot, mon! What pretenſions can you have?

Doct. Only her honour; that's all.

Macf. Impoſſible!—What, Ma'am, are you ganging to deceive me, afier you ha' appointed me to come here to fex our marriage?

Doct. His marriage?——How is this, Mrs. Sharp? You know, your are engaged to me.

Mrs. Sharp. Now the ſtorm is burſting. [*Aſide.*

Macf. Come, Mrs. Shearp, I inſiſt on an explanation.

Doct.

Doct. And I muſt have ſatisfaction, Madam.

Mrs. Sharp. And ſo you ſhall, gentlemen.—I dare ſay I can ſatisfy you both—[*noiſe within.*

O'Kite. [*without*] O, by St. Patrick now, and I will come in! Faith and troth but I will!

Enters, and throws off his Diſguiſe.

O my deareſt, what an age it is ſince I ſaw you! Sure enough and you thought me dead: But ſee! your Patrick is alive, and coming again to your longing arms!

Mrs. Sharp. Oh, Heavens! [*She faints.*

O'Kite. Arrah now, the ſurprize has been too much for you. I ſhou'd have told you myſelf, my ſweet girl, before I came, and then this wou'd not have happen'd.—But ſpeak to me, my Caroline. [*Whiſpers.*] You may begin to recover now. [*Aſide to Mrs. Sharp.*

Mrs. Sharp. Where am I?— O Heavens!—Is t'is my Patrick? my amiable Patrick?—Do I once more claſp him in my arms—and meet my huſband once more!——Indeed I thought you dead.

O'Kite. And, faith, no wonder in that, after a ſeven years abſence, and never ſeeing me in all that time.---Ay, and I don't know whether I was not dead by act of parliament——But meeting you thus once more!-- O the tranſport is too much to be borne: Jontlemen, jontlemen ---I make no doubt but you think it odd.

Macf. Damn'd odd indeed!

Mrs. Sharp. You ſee they do---for they thought you dead, as well as I.

Doct.

Doct. That I did, heaven knows!

Macf. And, in troth, ſae did I.

Doct. But, Madam, it ſeems now very little matter what we thought, ſince Mr. Sharp (I ſuppoſe that's the gentleman's name) is alive.—I have only to ſay, that I ſhall be glad if you will return thoſe papers, which I juſt now put into your hands.

Macf. Weel, Mrs. Shearp, ſince a woman can'na ha twa huſbands, I mun expac to be paid back the ſum I advanced for your niece's fortune.

Doct. Come, Madam.

Mrs. Sharp. Indeed, gentlemen, both at once is too much.

Doct. [*to O'Kite.*] Then, I'll explain it to you, Sir.

Macf. No, I'll explain it to you,—I was to ha' marry'd your wife———

Doct. Zounds! I was to have married your wife!

O'Kite. O, by St. Patrick---what both of you to have married my wife!--A couple of very complaiſant jontlemen, upon my ſhoul!

Mac. Why you ken, you were dead by act of parliament.

Doct. Dead and buried.

O'Kite. Ay, by my ſhoul, I heard I was dead, ſure enough! but I knew it was a lie the moment I was told of it.

Macf. But, Mrs. Shearp, I winna quit the hooſe, till I get my notes again.

Doct.

Doct. Nor I, Ma'am---I muſt have the money I lent you return'd immediately.

Enter J. Daiſey, with Lucy, coming up to the Doctor and Macfable.

J. Daiſey. Heyday! what is all this, gentlemen?

Macf. O, I'll tell you, Sir———

Doct. Don't mind him, hear me. You muſt know, that I was ſuch a ſilly old———

Macf. And I was ſic a damn'd fool——

J. Daiſey. I believe you, gentlemen, indeed! ha! ha! ha!

Macf. Why, what the de'el do you jeer at? ---I ha' loſt three thouſand pounds, and that's na laughing matter.

J. Daiſey. Three thouſand pounds!

Macf. Ay, vara true; I thought thes lady a rich wedow; ſo I gave her the money, that I might marry her the ſooner.

J. Daiſey. O take her then. She is a very amiable woman.

Macf. Sae I wou'd—But here's a mon, who calls himſal her huſband, an ſae ſhe proves to be na wedow at aw.

J. Daiſey. What then you have loſt both your money and your wife—a widow and no widow! A very ridiculous buſineſs, 'pon honour! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Sharp. Why then you ſee, Mr. Daiſey, the biter is bit—Retaliation is all fair. Mr. Macfable--but tricks may be put upon travellers——

J. Daiſey. Only by a lady, Sir: there's no harm

harm in that; and a woman has the privilege of making one a dupe. Aye, my little Lucy.

Macf. Privilege! that may do vara weel here! but in Scotland we are aw for the prerogative.

Doct. But, Mrs. Sharp! This foolery will not do for me: you muſt return my money, Ma'am. I am not to be cheated in this manner.

Mrs. Sharp. Nor I, my good Doctor.——At your time of life to think of marriage!——O fie! fie! Think, gentlemen, this conſcientious man wanted to bribe me to diſobey my huſband.

Doct. But I borrowed the money, Madam.

J. Daiſy. Quite the ton that.

Doct. Of an old lady, Madam.

J. Daiſy. And did as you ought to do, gave it to a young one. Well, it ſeems I ſhou'd have been a dove too, if I had truſted her; but I was too wiſe for that——Yes, yes, I was too knowing for that.—Come, my little Lucy.——Now let us ſee how ſhe will look, when ſhe is taken in.—Mrs. Sharp---Madam---you will probably think it very odd, that you ſhou'd be deceived---But, Madam, I think I have deceiv'd you a little.—This is my wife: give me leave to introduce you to Mrs. Daiſey. Her fortune of fifty thouſand pounds is now mine, and you may depoſit it with me as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Mrs. Sharp. What! married to Lucy! You married to Lucy! ha! ha!

J. Daiſey. Why, what the devil do you laugh at?

Mrs. Sharp. Her fortune! ha! ha! Her fortune, Sir, will be eaſily depoſited; ſhe carries the whole of it about her.

J. Daiſey. What! how!—Is this true, Lucy?

Lucy. 'Tis true, indeed.

J. Daiſey.

J. Daiſey. Am I cheated too!—What, Madam, have you dared to impoſe upon a Man of faſhion?---Damn it—I don't underſtand this.

Mrs. Sharp. But, however, Sir, you have got a lady, whoſe virtue will make amends for her want of fortune.

O'Kite. O too, too, woo, woo! You may hope that, my dear honey; to be ſure, her virtue has been put to the trial, and the ſtrength of it is pretty well known all the town over—but 'tis never the worſe for wear; ſo never mind it, honey.

J. Daiſey. Zounds! now I remember her face.

Enter Peg Pennyworth.

Peg. O Doctor, I am glad I have found you. So you wou'd have impos'd upon me then, with the ſtory of your hoſpital, and your illegitimates! But I have enquir'd, and there is not an hoſpital or illegitimate in the pariſh, not one in the whole pariſh.—So, come, where's the money, give it me directly—Come, where's the money?

Macf. Gone to the de'el, along wi' mine.

J. Daiſey. I wiſh my wife was thore too, with all my heart.

Peg. Come, I ſay—give it me directly.

Doct. Gentlemen, I am not to blame. I appeal to you. This lady lent her money to a charity, for the moderate intereſt of twenty per cent.

O'Kite. Twenty per cent! Arrah now, upon my ſhoul, a Jew in petticoats.

J. Daiſey. And ſhe ſeems to deal in old cloaths.

[*Looking at her.*

Macf.

Macf. Then, Mrs. Pennyworth, for once, the kirk has gotten the better o' th' ſynagogue.

J. Daiſey. Damn me! then we are all of us cheats.

Macf. But what is worſe, Maiſter Daiſey, we ha' been aw cheated.

Doct. No, there you are miſtaken: all, except Mrs. Pennyworth. I'll now tell you the truth, Madam--Leſt I ſhou'd be deceiv'd in Mrs. Sharp (as indeed it has happened) I ſtopt the payment of the notes I had given her, till we were married. So, Madam, your money is ſafe, and ſhall be return'd to you immediately. —But recollect, Mrs. Pennyworth, that charity ought not to be an object of intereſt; and when you lend money for the future—have ſome conſcience.

Peg. So I will; and, for the future, I'll lend it to government alone, they give enough for it in all conſcience.

Macf. Since then, Mrs. Shearp, the prieſt has brought us aw to confeſſion—I mun confeſs in my turn, that I too ha' uſed a little deceit. Thoſe notes which I ga you thes morning, to pay off your niece's fortune, are na notes at aw, for they are drawn on the Bank of Air.

O'Kite. Faith, and ſo they are, Caroline.—Now I am told it, I ſee it very plain.—O theſe Scotch pounds are not worth a penny; and the more you have of them, the leſs you are worth.

Lucy. But, Mr. Daiſey, you forget to aſk for your jewels.

Mrs. Sharp. Indeed, Mrs. Daiſey, I ſhan't return them.

J. Daiſey. O, ſhe is welcome to them. They

are

are no jewels, I aſſure you, Lucy; they too are counterfeits like us all.

Lucy. Hey! how! counterfeits, Mr. Daiſey?

J. Daiſey. 'Tis true, indeed, Lucy [*imitating her*], and you, like the reſt of us, have made but a bad bargain; for though I live amongſt the great, and am a man of the *ton*, like many of my well-dreſt brethren, I live by hazard, ſubſiſt by the doctrine of chances, and have nothing to depend upon—but the ill fortune of others.

Macf. O then this was an Iriſh plot, Mr. Daiſey, to cheat twa men that had nathing.

O'Kite. Upon my ſhoul now, and it was her's, and I ſhan't forget to remember that—O now, Madam Caroline, if I had done ſo, how you wou'd have abuſed the nation. Now there is the advantage in being an Engliſhman, that if he makes a blunder, it is no blunder at all, at all.

Mrs. Sharp. Well, well, I muſt confeſs, that I have made a miſtake as well as the reſt of us.---To be ſure, we have all been taken in, and are the dupes of our own artifice.---But, I hope, we ſhall learn, from this day's experience, that when we are intent on deceiving others, we are moſt liable to be deceiv'd ourſelves---As, however, our deceits might not be the ſubject of ridicule in any other place, I think it will be as well for the matter to end——Here.

FINIS.

W.S.H.
HARDING